

Peterham C.

THE
L I F E
AND HUMOROUS
ADVENTURES
OF
WILLIAM GRIGG,
OF
Snarlton in SUFFOLK.

BEING
A True HISTORY of many Curious,
Memorable, and Extraordinary Exploits.

Publish'd from the ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT,
preserved in the GRUB-STREET *Vatican.*

By a Native of GRUB-STREET.

*Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella.
Vita Senis.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. COOPER, in the Strand. 1733.

THE
LITERATURE
And HUMOROUS
ADVENTURES
OF
WILLIAM GRIGE
OR
AFFOLK



A HISTORY OF MANY CURIOS,
WITCRIPS AND EXQUISITISSIMA EXHIBITION.

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COLLECTED IN THE GRASS-STREET LIBRARY.

BY A MEMBER OF GRASS-STREET LIBRARY.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

Gentle READER,

THAT I may not *Dis-*
guy-se William Grigg, in
regard to his Birth, and attri-
bute his coming among us to
several different Persons, by
which I might possibly do him
Wrong, (but, most certainly
do that *Man* an irreparable In-
jury,

The P R E F A C E.

jury, to whom I should falsely impute so great a Crime, as sending such an Animal into the World,) I say, that I may keep clear of this Imputation, I will frankly own, that neither his Temper, his Success, nor his Honesty, were at any Time more uncertain than his Birth.

So that whether *Grigg* was his Name, or whether it was given him by his School-fellows, for being a merry, and a wanton Wag in his Youth, I will not undertake to determine : What inclines me to think it his own Name, is, that I lately met with some private *Memoirs* of a Man called *William Grigg*, whose

The P R E F A C E

whose Character so exactly corresponds with what I know of my Friend *Will*, that I am mightily inclined to think it his H I S T O R Y.

I cannot indeed say, that I heard any Particulars of my Friend *Will's* Family, that answer to the Account of *Grigg's* Family in this *History*, except it be that of his Marriage: But as I am quite at a Loss to know what his Extraction really was, I see no Reason why this may not prove the Discovery of that much-desir'd Part of my *Friend's* *History*, since in every other Particular the *Two Griggs* agree so exactly.

There-

The P R E F A C E.

Therefore I shall conclude them to be the same, and proceed as you will see, if you take the Pains to read what follows - - -.

T H E



THE
L I F E
O F
William Grigg, &c.

C H A P. I.

The Character of Goody Grigg. Her Dream. Consults Margery Withers the Witch. A wonderful Prophecy. Will's youthful Pranks.

NO-body could be more esteemed in their own Parish, than *Goody Grigg, Will's Mother*, was in *Snarltown*. She was a regular, sober, orderly kind of Woman, and no way addicted to Gossip-

B ing

ing from House to House, or spreading Scandal and Abuse among her Neighbours wherever she came, as if she were the *Curate's Wife*, or a Person of Quality. But, *Will* took not after the mild Dispositions of his good Mother, as may appear from the Sequel of this curious and entertaining History, and the many perilous Adventures occasioned thereby.

When Mrs. *Grigg* found herself great with Child, she at first, as all Mothers are, was very desirous of having a *Boy*; but, at last, she had so many terrifying Dreams about her Infant, (occasioned by some Scruples of Conscience, which are accounted for in the following Chapter, and to which we refer you) that, it is said, she began heartily to wish, never to have been in that fruitful Condition.

One Night she dreamt that she was brought to bed of a *Fire-brand*, which scorched the poor Midwife, flew about the Streets, and was very near setting fire to the whole Town. She thought, it flew also in the Face of the *Lord of the Mannor*, and followed my *Lord's Steward* up

up and down, behind and before, and every way so close, that it seem'd ready to destroy him every Minute ; altho' she could not perceive that the good Gentleman received the least Injury.

This, and many other frightful Dreams terrified the poor Woman so extreamly, that she grew quite weary of her Life. However, she resolved to know the worst of what she was to expect, and therefore determined to steal privately away to one *Margery Withers*, a cunning Woman, who was look'd upon to be a sort of a *Witch*, and grievously persecuted by the *Parson* of the Parish, for following the Occupation of *Fortune-telling* : and the truth is, she had more than ordinary skill in that way ; for, I remember she told Mr. Justice *Guttle*, several years before it happened, that he wou'd die of Drinking, as it accordingly befel.

Mrs. *Grigg* had scarce entered the *old Woman's* Chamber, when *Margery*, to the Wonder and Surprise of all present, fell into a fainting Fit : And I have been told, that many hundred Years ago, se-

veral old Women in *Italy*, and other *out-landish* Countries, who were Fortune-tellers in those Days, used also to fall into such kind of Fits, before they would let People know their Minds.

As soon as she recovered, she fixed her Eyes stedfastly on Mrs. Grigg, and after some few distortions of her Countenance, and writhing her Body to and fro, she uttered this following Prediction loudly and distinctly, (altho' not without strange appearances of Grief and Concern).

The P R E D I C T I O N.

O woe the Day ! to Life thou'l bring
 A pois'rous, peevish, snarling Thing !
 Much of Ape, and more of Hog,
 Partly Viper, partly Dog :
 Hissing, growling, full of Spite,
 Fond of Mischief, fond to bite !
 Yet, by seeking other's ruin,
 He'll but work his own undoing.
 He shall, oh, alas, be rotten,
 E'er his Villainy's forgotten ;

He

He through Danger oft shall run,
 Without Fame, or Fortune won,
 And shall --- (much Misfortune past,)
 Die of Discontent at last !

And having finished this *Prophecy*, she foam'd at the Mouth violently, and sob'd grievously, and could no more be prevail'd on to answer any further Questions.

It is impossible to exprel's the Grief of Mrs. *Grigg* on this occasion ; she knew, what she would have given all the World not to have known ; and the violence of her Concern and Agony, hastened her Pains, and scarce had she got into her own House, when she fell into *Labour*, and after the anguish of a few Hours, she had the opportunity of seeing that *Babe*, which had already cost her so much Affliction, and was likely to occasion much more Misery to the Neighbourhood as he grew up.

The Actions of *Will's* Infancy and Youth, were as extraordinary as those of his more advanced Years, all prognosticating

ing that vast variety of odd and uncommon Adventures, which make up the *History of his Life*. I shall pass over many of them for brevity sake, which I am assur'd wou'd be very entertaining, and which wou'd excite Admiration as well as Delight. However I cannot forbear mentioning one or two as a *Specimen*, not to be paralleled in any other History.

Will, from his Infancy was always fiery, sanguine, suspicious, and fanciful ; and 'twas thought he had some extraordinary natural defect in his Sight ; for though he seemed fond of prying into every thing narrowly, yet he rarely appeared to see clearly into any thing ; which often proved the cause of infinite Disturbance. And he was so stubborn, so very obstinate and perverse, that it was next to an impossibility, to beat him out of any opinion, that he had been once possessed with.

He accidentally at one time mistook a large flock of *Sheep* for an *Army*, and alarmed the whole Neighbourhood ; and though

though he got many a Kick and Cuff for maintaining so palpable a Falshood, yet, had he liv'd to this Day, he would still have persisted in the same Story.

In another of his Whims he set fire to a rich Farmer's Barn, on purpose to drive out some *Animals*, which he said were *pernicious*, and might in time breed there, and increase to such a Degree, as to overspread, and destroy the whole Country: But the Neighbours having wisely stop'd the Fire in good Time, these terrible pernicious *Animals* proved to be only a few, honest, watchful *Cats*, who had been lodged there by the Master of the Family, to prevent the Increase of other Vermin that might devour him.

Another Contrivance of his was, I think, far superior even to the former, and was thus: One Evening, *Will*, being exceeding melancholly, * * * * * that * * * *, but * * * * and * * * * Impudence, * * * * * *Multa desiderantur*, * * * *, Pillory, and * * * for, * * * * nor that, * * * * *; here there happened to be a vast Defect and Chasm

in

in the Manuscript, by which, to be sure, we are deprived of many facetious Adventures, and many waggish and wanton Pranks of this surprizing young Man ; so that we are obliged to be content with continuing our Narration from his more mature Years, although the defective Account of the former Part of his Life, is undoubtedly a Misfortune which Posterity can never sufficiently lament.

C H A P. II.

The Uncertainty of Will's Parentage. His Marriage : Surnamed thence, The Knight of the Looking-Glasses.

AS soon as *Will* was grown up to Man's Estate, his Friends thought it absolutely necessary to have him married, both to settle the natural Wildness and Extravagance of his Temper, and at the same time to preserve the Name and Family of the *Griggs* from being extinct. And as every Incident of *William's* Life, seems

seems not unworthy of being transmitted to Posterity, it will not, perhaps, be unacceptable to give some short Account of his Marriage.

Goody *Grigg*, when young, was esteemed not unhandsome, and of Consequence was considerably admired in *Snarlton*. Her Husband, *Will's* Father, was a good plain Man, not much addicted to Gait, and therefore he was somewhat uneasy on perceiving that his Wife engaged the Eyes of Half the young Fellows in the Parish. Among the rest, there was one whom she was thought to regard with a more than ordinary Degree of Affection : He was at that Time Secretary to one of Lord *Lyon's* Ancestors, in which Employment he had acquired a very considerable Fortune. This Gentleman, was said to be a Descendant of that renowned Earl of *Warwick*, celebrated for subduing the memorable Cow of *Dunsmore-Heath*. But, however that may be, the Neighbours shrewdly suspected his Intrigue with Mrs. *Grigg*, to have given Birth to that famous *William*,

whose Exploits are the Subject of this History.

This Gentleman dying, left the Bulk of his Fortune to the *Griggs*, as some Reparation for the Injury he had done them, in furnishing the Family with an Heir; and by this Means *Will* became qualified to expect a Wife with a tolerable Dowry.

He was eagerly looking out for a proper Match, when at last he fixed on a young Woman bred in a plain, humble Way, the Daughter of a substantial, honest Tradesman, who was Spectacle-maker to the Parson of *Snarlton*; from whence, in Raillery, his Companions, surnamed him, *The Knight of the Looking-Glasses*.

For some few Years *Will* lived not uncomfortably with his Spouse; but growing weary of his Happiness, and instigated by an ambitious Phrenzy, he proceeded, as you will find, recounted in the next Chapter.

C H A P. III.

*The History of Lord Lyon, and Squire True-
man, his Steward. Their Characters.
Will's Project to have himself made
Steward.*

THE Town of *Snarlton* was governed by Lord *Lyon*, a Nobleman who was extremely beloved by his Tenants, for uncommon Dispositions of Leni-ty, and Indulgence, which he was fond of expressing on every Occasion that of-fered. They all made Estates under him ; for he was studious to avoid giving them the smallest Cause to complain of any manner of Oppression, or Grievance whatsoever. And had not *Will* been pos-sessed with an unhappy, restless, turbu-lent Spirit, he might have had as many Opportunities of making his Fortune un-der that generous Nobleman, as any other Tenant on his Estate.

But the true Source of *Will's* Misfor-tune, was, a violent Antipathy which he conceived against 'Squire *Trueman*, who

was *Steward* to Lord *Lyon*, and had, for the most Part, the Management of his Fortune.

This 'Squire *Trueman*, had been for many Years in the Family, employed in the same Office, and approved himself to be a faithful, honest Servant, both to the late Lord, as well as the present.

He had a greater Anxiety to improve his Master's Rent-Roll, than most other Stewards have to lessen and embezzle: Yet he was cautious in using any Methods to answer his Purpose, which might have the least Appearance of Hardship or Extortion.

His great Fidelity gained him the Esteem of his Master, and the Love of all the Family. His Lord's Friends were accounted his own, and he was never at ease, 'till he had rewarded every good Office, done either to his Master or himself. The whole Body of the Tenants were pleased with their Situation, and wished for no greater Share of Happiness than they enjoyed.

In this prosperous Condition were Lord *Lyon's* Affairs, when *Will* first took it into his Head to hope for the Reversion of a very beneficial Farm, for the Management of which, it was known, that he was absolutely unqualified. And as his hope was fixed upon a very shallow Foundation, namely, an extraordinary Opinion of his own Abilities, it was no great Wonder if he met with an absolute Disappointment. Upon which he broke forth in the following pathetick manner.

“ Unfortunate *Grigg* ! How are thy
 “ Hopes blasted -- ! And how are thy
 “ flattering Expectations overturned -- !
 “ Why should this *Trueman* have more
 “ Influence over my Lord than thou ?
 “ Art not thou every Way better qua-
 “ lified to direct and manage his Af-
 “ fairs, than that plodding Fellow ? I
 “ will away to my Lord ; I will tell
 “ him my Mind freely, that, neither
 “ *He*, nor his *Steward*, know any thing
 “ of his Affairs ; that I have a Right to
 “ give my Advice, and if he will follow
 “ it -- ,

" it ---, Grigg is the only accomplished
 " Man for his Purpose ---. If I can-
 " not perswade him to turn off that
 " Squire of his, I will raise the Indigna-
 " tion of the whole Tenants against
 " him, and never rest till I have fixed
 " my self in his Stirrups. *I will draw*
 " *the Sword, and fling away the Scabbard;*
 " *I will pursue him even to Destruction.*

After this passionate Soliloquy, away
 flew *Will* to Lord *Lyon's* House, and the
 Consequence of this Adventure you will
 find in the next Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

*The Dialogue between Lord Lyon, and
William Grigg, concerning Squire True-
man. Will's Madness.*

IT happened somewhat unluckily for *Will*, that he came to Lord *Lyon's* at a Time when his Lordship was taken up with some very important Business ; and therefore it cannot be doubted that *Will* grew intolerably fretful and impatient, to have an Opportunity of putting his Scheme in Execution. At last, after some Hours waiting, he was admitted, and spake

As follows.

* " *Will*. My Lord, I am come out of
" pure Friendship to you, and out of
" most sincere Affection to your Te-
" nants, to acquaint you, that your *Stew-
ard* is both an arrant Fool and a
" Knav[e]---. Nay---, never start, my

* For *Will's* Speeches, vide almost every Page in the
Craftsman. Cr-f-n.

" Lord

“ Lord --- ; for by G --- he has ruined
 “ your Fortune, and your Reputation
 “ together. He blunders in every thing
 “ he undertakes, and bungles so horridly,
 “ that you are now the standing Jest of
 “ all your Neighbours.

Lord Lyon. “ These are indeed very
 “ heavy Imputations, and were they
 “ true, I should immediately abandon
 “ him. But as I have had a long Expe-
 “ rience of his Honesty, and of his per-
 “ fect Understanding in my Affairs, it
 “ would be ungenerous in me to divest
 “ him of my Esteem, before I have
 “ strong and convincing Proof of what
 “ you assert.

Will. “ Proof, my Lord ! Why ---
 “ What Proof would you have --- ? I
 “ say it --- , and I swear it --- , that
 “ by G --- he is a Dunce, a Tool, a
 “ Villain — am not I to be credi-
 “ ted — ? What Reason can I have
 “ to trouble my Head about your Bu-
 “ siness, if it were not entirely for your
 “ own Interest — ? Why — all your
 “ Tenants are up in Arms against you -- !

“ They

“ They will fire your House about your
 “ Ears, if that confounded *Squire* be not
 “ turned out of the Family —.

Lord Lyon. “ Are then my Tenants
 “ to be my absolute Directors and Go-
 “ vernors — ?

Will. “ Why — my Lord, he’s
 “ grown so rich, That he could pur-
 “ chase a *Lordship* himself !

Lord Lyon. “ His *Riches*, Friend, give
 “ me no kind of *Uneasiness* ; nor can
 “ they be any just Cause of Complaint
 “ against him. I should rather esteem
 “ it as a *Reproach* to me, if, after ha-
 “ ving worn out the better Part of his
 “ Life in the Fatigue of my Service,
 “ he were not able splendidly to pro-
 “ vide for a Retirement in his less active
 “ Years. If he be grown *Rich*, it is
 “ without Fraud to me, or Oppression
 “ of my Tenants ; without lessening
 “ my Estate, or doing any thing unbe-
 “ coming my Honour, and his own
 “ Reputation. And therefore I must
 “ still desire further Evidences of his
 “ Misconduct.

Will. " Z---s my *Lord*, misconduct--!
 " why every Word, every Action of his
 " whole Life, every Bargain he makes
 " for you, every Message and Messenger
 " he sends, are all Evidences, strong E-
 " vidences, of his Misconduct! Every
 " Creature can see his Faults, but you :
 " I tell you, once more, he is not fit
 " for his Employment ---, by G--- he is
 " not ; and therefore--, discharge him--.
 " Remember how my *Lord Tawny's*
 " Shepherd seized one of your *Sheep*,
 " though it never fed in any of his
 " Fields ---, and ---, remember --- a
 " thousand things more ---, and all Ar-
 " ticles of Misconduct---.

Lord Lyon. " As to the Article of the
 " *Sheep*, I am promised Reparation,
 " which, I think to be all that I can
 " reasonably demand ; and as for your
 " thousand things more ---.

Will. " Pish! Plague on all obstinate
 " People say I, that will not believe their
 " best Friend ---! I see it is to no pur-
 " pose to talk to you any longer ---. I
 " tell you again and again, that your
 " Steward

“ Steward is a *Knave*, a *Sot*, and a *Fool*,
 “ and since you will not credit my O-
 “ pinion, you shall hear more of it---.

At this, *Will* began to rail most abominably, and uttered in his Rage, several abusive Expressions against the honest Lord himself : He cursed his own hard Fate ; he cursed the 'Squire a thousand times, and his Lord's good Nature and generous Temper ; 'till at last, shewing all the violent Symptoms of a frantick Person, he was ordered to be turned out of Doors, and was very near being sent to a House of Correction, to teach him to treat his Superiors with more Deference and Respect.

Yet, by accident, he had the good Luck to escape the Danger of this Adventure ; which tempted him to undertake others equally perilous and of less fortunate Event.

C H A P. V.

Will turns Fortune-teller. *His remarkable Advertisement in Snarlton. Discovered to be no real Conjurer.*

NEED not acquaint thee (*candid Reader*) that the whole aim of *William* was now to raise a popular Clamour against my *Lord's Steward*, and by that means to have him turned out of his *Office*: For, this design of his seemeth sufficiently plain from the foregoing Chapters of this curious (tho' true) History. And whoe'er thou art who dost peruse this Volume, thou mayest herein observe, how *Ambition*, or *Envy*, doth quicken the Invention of Man; for, scarce was one Project destroyed, but another was immediately ripe in the Brain of *William*: Of which I shall give thee a further Instance, as concise as may be.

The Discouragements *Grigg* had met with already, lay heavy upon his Spirits for several Hours, till at last he resolved to disguise himself like a *Fortune-teller*, by that

that means, to alarm the whole Town with his *Predictions*, to inveigh bitterly against the 'Squire in particular, and to manage matters, if possible, in such a manner as to *inflame* the Minds of all the *Tenants* against him.

Pursuant to this Scheme he fixed a broad Patch upon his right Eye ; and dress'd himself, not like the old *Conjurors* and *Fortune-tellers*, (who were thought to have some underhand dealings with *evil Spirits*) in a long black Robe, with a white Wand in his Hand ; but chose to appear in a Dress more suitable to his Talents and Devices, like a *Grave Bench-er* of *Gray's Inn* : And having taken care to provide Lodgings fit for his Purpose, he sent out *Advertisements*, with a full account of his own great Abilities in that *surprising Art* which he professed.

Perhaps, (Reader) it may not be look'd upon as improper, here to subjoin a Copy of his *Advertisement*, as a remarkable Piece of Curiosity and Antiquity.

ADVERTISEMENT.

" This is to give Notice, that the celebrated *All-knowing, All-foreseeing Doctor, Astrologer, and Philosopher, Caleb Morecraft*, who hath seen all the *Worlds Wonders*, and knows more *Wonders* than he hath seen ; who rides upon the *Swift Horse of Fore-knowledge*, and sees Events many Years before they are to happen ; who is so clear sighted that he can peep into a *Mill-Stone*, and see the inmost Parts of it with as great Penetration as any other Man living ; is lately settled in this famous and antient Town of *Snarlton* : He not only undertakes to tell the *Fortunes* of particular Persons, but of States and Kingdoms also ; and performs many things too surprising for common Belief.

" He may be spoke with every *Monday* and *Friday* from Morning to Night : But those who want Advice, are desired to be speedy, for in a short time the *Doctor* will appear only on one Day.

“ Day of the Week, which will be every
“ Saturday.

N. B. “ As his principal Motive to
“ this Noble Art of *Fortune-telling*, is to
“ serve his *Country*, all Persons who shall
“ be pleased to consult him, may have
“ his Opinion for the small Expence of
“ Two Pence per Time.

This *Advertisement*, to be sure, alarmed
the whole Town. The *Politicians* were
all mad to inquire into the future *State* of
the *Nation*; and all the *Wenches* and
young Fellows, were not less eager to know
the Event of their several *Amours*: So
that the *Doctor* was likely to have Busi-
ness enough upon his Hands, had his *Ca-
pacity* been any way answerable to his
Advertisement.

It would exceed the intended Bounds
of this History, to set down the Particu-
lars of *Grigg's Adventures*, during the
Time of his acting this Farce. But,
although an Historian ought to study
Conciseness, as well as *Truth*, yet it also
seems as requisite to relate all those *Facts*,
which are any way necessary to the De-
coration,

coration, or the perfecting of his Work. And this shall be my Reason for introducing some of that infinite Multitude of Adventures which occurred to our disguised and crafty *Fortune-teller*.

It happened one Morning, that several Gentlemen came to his Chambers, merely out of Curiosity, to see so extraordinary a Man ; and scarce were they seated, after the usual Ceremonies on such Occasions, when *Will* arose, and stood forth : A While he rolled his Eye-Balls round in a wonderful Manner, and imitating a Prophetick Stile and Gesture, he thus addressed his Visitors.

* " Ye worthy and renowned Citizens of *Snarlton*, rejoice at your good Fortune ; that I am qualified, and also desirous to inform you of the Dangers which threaten your *City*.

" I see ! I see ! the approaching Hour, when the Streets of this *Town* shall

* Critics, who love to pick Meanings out of every Thing, imagine that this alludes to the Craftsman's Papers, which foretel the Misery of England, under the present Administration.

" stream

" Stream down with Blood, and War and
 " Hostility shall ravage your Houses - - - ?
 " And the Steward of *Snarlton* shall cause
 " this Disaster, and bring these Mis-
 " fortunes by his horrid Contrivance.
 " Then every Hand shall brandish a
 " Sword, and nothing be seen but *black*
 " Eyes, and *bloody* Noses. Then shall
 " my Lord's Squire break his Neck ; or
 " die in a Ditch ; or be kicked out of
 " Doors ; or be hanged, for making
 " bad Bargains ; or some of you, Gen-
 " tlemen, out of regard to my Lord's
 " Estate, may Cut his Throat, or † throw
 " him out of Window ? And then, and
 " not till then, shall this Town be eased
 " of all her Afflictions. Beware, I say,
 " beware ; for, this shall inevitably hap-
 " pen before the Sun shall cool his burn-
 " ing Locks seven times in Ocean's
 " Wave !

The Impatience of these Gentlemen
 till the Expiration of the Time limited
 for the Accomplishment of this amazing
final ods modiw clynd apionion s
at Vid. Fog's Journal, about Assassination.

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E

Prediction,

Prediction, is no more to be described, than their Indignation afterward, on finding that not any one Circumstance of it was likely to happen true. In a violent Rage they ran to the Appartment of the *Counterfeit Doctor*, and were not scrupulous to tell him to his Face, that he was a *knavish Impostor*. On which subject arose this Dialogue.

Will. "I protest, Gentlemen, I spoke to the very utmost of my Knowledge, and if Things have happened contrary to my *Desire*, or *Expectation*, be pleased to impute it all to my Lord's *Steward*, and not to me; for it is all through him that Matters have not taken the Turn I said they would."

Gent. "How, Sir — ! Then I think we are extremely beholden to the *Steward* for averting so many Evils which you thought to be inevitable."

Will. "D — n the *Steward* ! He avert Evils ! I tell you, he is a *Bungler*, a notorious *Bungler*, without the least Understanding in the Affairs he is employed

ployed in. I affirm, confidently, that
 he hath abominably mismanaged his
 Master's Estate, and that all the Qui-
 etness and Wealth that appears in
Snarlton Parish, is entirely accidental,
 and no way the Result of his *Honesty*
 or *Discretion.*

Gent. " Why, Doctor, this Position of
 yours, methinks, sounds very absurdly.
 Did not the *Steward* publickly profess,
 that the several Steps he was taking,
 were designed to *improve* my *Lord's*
Estate, to *secure* quiet Possession to the
Tenants, and to make the whole *Town*
 more rich and flourishing --- ? and
 now he has fixed us happily in this
 Condition, for which he hath been so
 industrious, can it be called only the
 meer Effect of Accident ?

Will. " Meer Accident, Gentlemen,
 believe me, meer Accident --- ! He
 is a *Blunderer*, a palpable *Blunderer*, a
 dishonest, foolish, half-witted *Fellow*, a
 Knaves, a —

Gent. " Hold Friend; I am confident,
 that whatever he may be, we all can

" swear that You are no Conjurer ; for
 " which you would willingly pass on the
 " World. Therefore prepare to receive
 " a just Punishment, for imposing so
 " grossly on the Towns-folk, and abusing
 " a Gentleman of so much Worth as
 " 'Squire Trueman.

At this, each of them laid hold of the unhappy *Fortune-teller*, and they were all liberal enough of their *Insults*, and malicious *Fests* on their Prisoner. He received a severe *Tweak of the Nose* from one, and a villainous Cuff from another. At last, when they were heartily fatigued with punishing him, they got a *Fool's Cap and Bells*, and fixed them on *Grigg's Head* ; nor was it a small Satisfaction to them, to perceive that it fitted the *Impostor* to a Miracle. He was thought to be made for the *Cap*, and the *Cap* for him ; so that having exposed him to publick View in a contemptible and ridiculous Habit, some of the *Beadles* were employed to see him whipped out of *Snarlton Gate*.

Will never flinched at all this hard Treatment, but carefully concealed his Face with both his Hands, so that no Body discovered *Grigg* in this Enterprize. He ran through the Streets *pelted* and *hooted* at, despised, and ridiculed; and with much Pain and Patience bore his beating, with all the Resolution of an *Ass*, and made the best of his way through another Gate of the Town, to his own House; where in some Time he recollects his scattered Spirits, and contrived another Scheme, not less extraordinary, or less memorable than any of the former.

his aid he can be of no service.

C H A P. VI.

Some Account of Will's Education, and Character. Turns Ballad-maker. His Speech at Snarlton Town-House on Ballad-Singing: With the Sequel of that memorable Enterprize.

IT were in vain for me to pretend to describe the Perplexity, Rage, Indignation, and Rancour of *Will*, at his unexpected Disappointment. At first he had Thoughts of making away with himself, (a Custom very frequent among us *Englishmen*, upon any extraordinary Occasion;) but wanting a little Resolution, and being still very eager to persecute the *Steward* ---; he laid aside his first Intention, and set himself to contrive some better Method to accomplish his Revenge on the 'Squire.

I ought to have hinted before, that *Will* had some small Education, by which he had acquired a smattering of several *Foreign Tongues*. He was Master of a most

most happy Assurance, had a pretty glib way of Speaking, and indeed sometimes plausibly enough. He was always sure to make long Harangues, whether what he said were to the Purpose or not ; and by that Means several well-meaning People came readily into his Opinions, without examining the Truth of what he asserted in this way.

He had naturally a vast Ambition to be thought a *Cunning Man*, and to be reputed to know more than all the rest of his Neighbours, that he might lead the whole Parish as he pleased ; and then he imagined it would be no great Difficulty to dispossess the *Steward*, by raising continual Clamours against him.

He bethought himself, (and shrewdly enough too, I may say,) that People may soon be brought to *bate* those, whom once they begin to *despise* ; and therefore he promised himself compleat Victory, if he could turn Lord *Lyon* himself, as well as his *Esquire*, into Ridicule and Jest : And accordingly,

His

His first Scheme was to write bitter Ballads against them both, and hire Folks to sing them under their Windows; and, lest the People should be offended at such insulting Treatment of two Persons, who were extremely beloved among the Tenants, Will had a small Stage erected near the Town-House, and there made the following publick-spirited Speech, on the first Market-Day after his mad Adventure.

* " It may seem surprizing to you, O Townsmen, Countrymen, and Friends, to be addressed in this most solemn Manner; but, when I tell you, that I appear here, as an Advocate for your Privileges; as an utter Enemy to Knaves and Fools, and as a professed Hater of Oppression, I hope you will attend to me, and be all of the same honourable Opinion. You know, the inoffensive Custom of Ballad-Singing has been Time out of Mind permitted to the worthy, and

* Vid. No. II. and No. IV. of the *Craftsman*, Vol. I. on *Liberty of the Press*.

" free

“ free Inhabitants of *Snarlton* ; and it is
 “ a Privilege, my *Countrymen*, that you
 “ cannot, must nor, shall not be depri-
 “ ved of, while *Grigg* has Power to main-
 “ tain, and vindicate your Rights.

“ Understand me, *Gentlemen*, I do not
 “ mean by *Ballad Singing*, simply the
 “ composing melancholy Tales, to be
 “ sung to melancholy Tunés. — No,
 “ my *Friends* ; but in ancient Times,
 “ when the *Lord* of the *Mannor* had any
 “ Intrigues, or, when his *Steward*, mark
 “ me there, I say, when his *Steward* mis-
 “ behaved himself, then was it the *
 “ Custom to tell them their Faults in
 “ *Ballads*, and abuse them to *some Tune* ;
 “ and yet they never strove to punish
 “ the *Compilers* of such Performances,
 “ nor the harmless People who sung, and
 “ vended them about the Streets.

“ Do ye not remember, how the
 “ Scripture bids you, † *Lift up your Voice*
 “ *like a Trumpet* — ? I can tell you bet-
 “ ter than the *Parson* of the Parish, what

* Vid. No. II. and No. IV. of the *Craftsman*, Vol. I.

† Vid. Page 18. Vol. I.

" that meant —. It means, that you
 " should write, sing, spread, and roar
 " about the Streets, Ballads, Pamphlets,
 " Libels, and other well-designed Com-
 " positions, against insolent Stewards to
 " Great Men —. The Meaning you
 " see is obvious —, very obvious —.
 " And further, to convice you, that in
 " old Time, * Though Actions were con-
 " demned, yet Words were always unpunished,
 " I must acquaint you,

" That near 1800 Year ago, one
 " *Augustus*, who was King in *Rome*, had
 " one *Cassius* whipped very severely, and
 " set in the Stocks, for singing a *Ballad*
 " against him and some of his *Officers* ;
 " and several of his *Successors* were as cruel
 " in their Treatment of those who wrote
 " ill-natured *Ballads* against them, or
 " libelled their *Government*. But as those
 " were bad *Precedents*, and happened near
 " 1800 Year since, the World ought
 " certainly to be now of a very diffe-
 " rent Opinion.

* Vid. Page 19, Vol. I.

" Believe "

" Believe me, *Gentlemen*, should my
 " *Lord*, or his *Steward*, deprive you of
 " that valuable Privilege, of abusing
 " either himself, or any of his Family,
 " whenever, or in what manner you
 " please, so as the Abuse be only confi-
 " ned to *Words*, I tell you *Countrymen*,
 " that then you may give up all your
 " *Leafes*, run away from your Farms,
 " hang your selves, swallow Poison, or
 " set Fire to all your Possessions: But, if
 " my Opinion were to be taken, it were
 " better first to set Fire to his own House,
 " and burn him, and his *Steward* toge-
 " ther, before they can attempt such an
 " Encroachment on your Liberties -- .

Having finished his *Oration*, he descend-
 ed, expecting the loud Applause of the
 whole Multitude, but all was silent; nor
 was there one Tongue moved in his Fa-
 vor. One stared, another gaped, a
 third asked what he meant, while others,
 for the Sake of poor Goody *Grigg*, pitied
 the Madnes of her Son; for to a disor-
 dered

dered Brain the greatest Part of the Neighbours imputed this wild Behaviour.

No one ever heard before, that Lord *Lyon* had the least Design to deprive his Tenants of the usual Pleasure and Entertainment of having *Ballads* of any kind sung in their Streets; nor did they much approve of *Grigg's* Interpretation of that Text of *Scripture*: Nay, some of them even thought it was little short of Prophanation, to misapply it in such a manner. However, *Will* sneaked away not at all disheartned, composed a very scurvy *Ballad* against the *Steward*, with some Side-strokes at my *Lord*; and hired a Fellow to sing it just under their Windows.

The Indignation of the Tenants on this Occasion was inexpressible: "What, " (said they,) insult my *Lord* in his own " House, and the good *Esquire* too - - - ? " He shall smart for this Insolence - - - ! " Base, unmannerly Fellow - - - ! This " is all *Grigg's* Contrivance - - - ! It is no " hard Matter to guess who set him at " Work - - - . Immediately every one
was

was willing to shew all possible Marks of Resentment ; the Fellow was hurried away first to the *Stocks*, and then a Consultation was held whether they should not fix him three Market-Days in the *Ducking-Stool* : But the poor *Hireling* seeming in great Terror, and swearing never to do the like again, he escaped from the Fury of the Populace.

Will having purchased the Fellow's Silence at a pretty round Rate, remained as yet undiscovered, although very much disappointed ; and his Concealment excited him to contrive a more effectual Way to torment, if not ruin his Antagonist : And, to that End, he fixed upon the Adventure which makes the Subject of the next Chapter.

C H A P. VII.

*Consisting of sundry Accounts of
Gypsies, Astrologers, Prophecies, Vi-
sions, Dreams, Impostors, and many
other singular Adventures, not altogether
unprofitable, or unpleasant.*

WHILE *Will* was hammering out a new Device, to plague, or prejudice *Squire Trueman*, there came accidentally into *Snarlton*, a Company of Gypsies, who had been *Will's* old Companions ; the greatest Part of his Infancy having been spent in stroling with such Sort of Company. The Nature of this Society, called Gypsies, is known to every Body ; that they are a wanton, disorderly Set of People, despising Laws, without the least Principles of Honesty, or Honour ; and have a nominal King of their own, whose Interest they are bound to promote, in Opposition to that of any other real Prince. This was a Circumstance of great Joy to *William*, and he began

began immediately to consider how to make a profitable Use of them, during their Stay in that Town.

He was, all his Life long, a professed Admirer of *Astrologers*, *Physiognomists*, *Water-Casters*, *Palm-Viewers*, *Nativity-mongers*, and other celebrated Artists of *Moor-fields*, and *Barbican*. And it was thought, he received that Turn of Mind from the Influence of *Margery Withers*, (of whom you have heard before in this History,) and who prognosticated so remarkably the future Fortune of *William*.

Among the *Male Gypsies*, there was one Fellow of an extreme odd Humour: He fancied himself, or, (which answered the same Purpose,) laboured to make other Folks fancy him a real Prophet; and in this Character he went up and down in the Country, telling his *Dreams*; from whence, some obstinate People asserted, That he was only an *Old Woman* in Disguise. However, that Dispute pertaineth not to our History.

This strange Fellow seemed fit for Grigg's great Design, and accordingly

Will.

Will, having first fed him handsomely, and then acquainted him with his Intention, he directed him to go the next *Market-Day*, into the most publick Places of the *Town*, and pronounce in a proper Manner, a *Dream*, which he would take Care to devise, that should have some little Resemblance both of a *Prophesie* and a *Vision*; so that the Hearers should not know what to call it. But above all, he enjoyned him strict Secrecy, and as he was somewhat afraid of the Event, he made him swear never to discouver the Author of the Dream.

The *Fellow*, soon grown perfect in his Lesson, appeared in publick, in so singular a Shape, that the *Town's-Folk* knew not what to make of him. Vast Crowds followed, some out of Curiosity, others with a Design to watch his Intentions, which were suspected to be none of the most honest; and others with a wanton Inclination to pelt him in his Ramble.

However, having at last stopped in one of the most *publick Streets*, he cast up his Eyes to Heaven; he spread out his Arms

Arms as in an Extasy ; he dragged a long Sigh out of his Stomach, and then thus uttered his surprising *Vision*.

* " Attend — ! Attend — ! O ye People, and let the Ears of your Attention be open — ! In *Snarlton* Meadows I lay down to Sleep, and a Vision was the Child of my Slumber — ! *I lifted my Eyes, and I saw,* one of the Ancestors of *Lord Lyon*, in dreadful Array, and horrid Contention burned between *Him* and his *Vassals*. On one Side was heard the crackling of *Cudgels*, and on the other, the clincking of *Swords*. When lo — ! to my great Astonishment, my Lord issued forth, and signed a large Roll of *Parchment*, at which, loud Shouts of Acclamation were heard, and the Parchment flew into the Air ; which Volume I found, upon nicer Inspection, to be a *Lease of Snarlton Common*, for the Benefit of the Occupiers of the adjacent Lands. After many surprizing Acci-

* Vid. No. XVI. Vol. I. of the *Craftsman*, *Camilick's Vision*.

" dents, too tedious to relate, I saw ! O
 " wonderful --- ! O terrible --- ! I saw,
 " the present Lord's *Steward* come forth,
 " and snatch at the adotable *Parchment*.
 " I saw him break off the *Seal* of his
 " Master, and trample the *Lease* with
 " the Dirt of his Feet. I saw him pro-
 " ceed to Rapine and Violence. The
 " *Parson* of the Parish had a Rope round
 " his Neck, and the richest of the Te-
 " nants were turn'd out a begging. At
 " last, I saw my Lord, beholding the
 " Tumult ; and no sooner had he dis-
 " missed his *Steward*, but every thing
 " appeared as it should be.

Well ---, and (says an arch Wag who
 stood at the Prophet's Elbow) is this
 Truth Friend --- ? has my *Lord's Steward*
 really taken away our *Lease* of the *Com-*
mon, which gave us so many extensive
 Privileges -- ? has he abused the *Parson* so
 vilely, and sent all the Tenants a beg-
 ging -- ? O Lord Sir -- no, answers the
Visionist trembling, not at all Sir --, not
 yet Sir --- upon my Word --- not yet -- ,
 'twas only my Dream --, that's all Sir--,

a meer Dream -- a Vision --. But yet Dreams sometimes may happen to come true. Why --, thou old *Impostor* --, thou pretending prophetical *Knave* thou, --- (says another) how can this ever happen, without my Lord's Consent, and he is too honest to have such a Design? what has the *Steward* to do in this Affair --? what Attempt has he ever made to break our *Lease*, or interrupt us in the quiet Possession of our Privileges --? away --, thou abominable *Knave*, and let me tell thee --, the *Devil* that whisper'd this Dream in your Ear has brought you into a damnable Scrape --. At this, one began to pluck his Beard, another cudgell'd his Shoulders, and the rest were as busily employed in pelting him with Dirt, Stones, dead Cats, and other filthy Materials, whilst he roar'd out for Mercy, crying, it was only a Dream, a lying Dream --, a Vision ---, or, what they would --. At last, in a most pitiful Pickle he was brought before Justice *Plump*, who ordered him to be detain'd in the House of Correction, to feast for a Month on

Bread and Water, and there to wait for fulfilling of his Prophesy ; of the accomplishment of which there is not the least Appearance, even unto this Day.

Still had *William* the good Fortune to escape undiscovered ; but intolerable was the anxiety he suffered for this Misfortune. His Schemes were quite broken, his Prospects spoiled, and all his Hopes once more dispersed into Air. Where shall he turn himself now ! What new Contrivance shall his *Cunning* provide, or what Stratagem will succeed where so many have already miscarried ! Yet altho' ill Fortune hitherto seemed to trip up the Heels of all his Attempts, he resolved never to quit his first Pursuit, till either *he* or the *Steward* were absolutely ruin'd.

C H A P. VIII.

Will's obstinacy. His Invention of a new and singular kind of Squirt. His Misfortune in trying the Experiment. His Alteration and Improvement of the wonderful Machine. A Prodigy, and other memorable Adventures.

IN the beginning of this renowned and impartial *History*, gentle *Reader*, thou canst not be unmindful that *Will* was said to be from his Infancy of a most *obstinate, stubborn, and perverse* Disposition; from whence thou mayest naturally conclude, that it was impossible he should be driven out of his present Design. The *Steward* was still a great Eye-sore to him, and the more unsuccessful he had hitherto been, so much the more was his Anger and his Choler inflamed. But thou shalt now be informed of a most excellent and arch Contrivance of his, which seemeth not unworthy of one much deeper read in the *Mathematicks*

thematicks than *Will's* narrow Education could promise.

Esquire Truman was naturally very cleanly in his Person, and my *Lord* himself was often pleased to say, That he particularly esteemed him for that, among many other good Qualities. Now *Will* being well apprized of this, sits him down to contrive how to bedawb this good *Squire* in such a manner, that his *Lord* should never endure the sight of him after. And, to effect this crafty Project, he * invented a new *Machine*, and brought it to great Perfection ; although several of the *Natives of Grub-Street*, had made many unsuccessful Attempts that way before.

It was a kind of *Squirt*, but very different from any that had appeared before his time : It would collect, contain, and discharge more *Dirt* and *Filth*, than many *Fire-Engines* of an hundred times its Size. And, whereas other *Squirts* had but *one* way of emptying itself, this had

* *This Chapter in the Original Grub-Street Copy, was entitled, The Birth of the C-f-n.*

at least five hundred, and was all worked by one Hand.

As soon as this *Engine* was finished, and fit for Use, how did the Heart of *William* leap for Joy — ! He ran immediately to the next *Kennel*; but that not proving half sufficient for a Supply, he was forced with his own industrious Hands to empty most of the *Kennels* in *Snarlton*.

The honest *Steward*, as his Custom was, busied himself so much about his *Master's* Affairs, that he never gave himself the least Uneasiness about *Grigg's* past Attempts to ruin him with *Lord Lyon*. Beside, my *Lord* was so honest and un-designing a Man, that he easily saw into the Cause of all the Abuse offered to the Person and Character of his *Steward*; and therefore he absolutely disregarded all the Invectives and Aspersions of the 'Squire's Enemies.

Will had concerted his Measures so well this time, that he thought himself secure of his Ends: He hired a Fellow to stand before him, while he was discharging the Engine, that the *Steward* might have no know-

knowledge of the real Person that bespattered him. The Fellow was bold and resolute, and therefore easily prevailed on by *Will's* Arguments, to be directed by him.

All Things being thus prepared, and *Will* carefully hid to escape Discovery, the 'Squire accidentally came in his way, and not in the least suspecting such an Attack, found himself in an Instant, almost covered over with *Dirt*, *Filth*, and *Kennel-water*. His *Face* was besmear'd, his whole *Person* disfigured, his *Coat* spotted and stained, and every Bit of him in such a disagreeable Condition, that he did not, for some Moments recover from the Surprise of such an Accident. In which Interval, *Will* contrived to sneak away, and leave the poor *Fellow*, who had been employed as his *Skreen*, to stand the Brunt of the 'Squire's Friends, and receive the Correction which he himself had merited so well.

Though *Grigg* was very active, he did not make his Escape so very dexterously, but that several of my *Lord's* *Tenants* saw him

him in his Flight : And One in particular, who offered to give his *Oath*, that he saw *William* lurking behind a Hedge, after the dirty *Jobb* was over, and ready to burst his Sides with laughing, at the odd Figure his own Villany had made of the *Steward*.

The unfortunate Fellow, who stood in the Gap for *Will*, met indeed with most scurvy Usage : The People of the *Town* were ready to tear him in Pieces, perceiving all these insolent Affronts to be the Effects of *Envy*, *Malice*, and *ill Nature*.

But while the *'Squire* was surrounded with a vast Crowd, some thumping and threatening the impudent Villain who skreened the Offender, and others loudly exclaiming against *Grigg* ; behold, a kind of Prodigy appeared ; for the *Steward*, who seemed loaded with all the *Filth* of *Snarlton Kennel*, in a Moment appeared as clean and as unspotted, as if he had never received the least ill Usage. Whatever was the Cause, I shall not here labour to determine, whether a Defect in the working of the Engine, or somewhat

too gross in the Materials, but all suddenly dropped off him, as *Water* poured on a Globe of *Chrystral*, and not one Bit of the *Dirt* would stick, or left the least Sully on the Part where it fell. So that *Will's* Scheime was defeated once more ; for the Steward appeared as clean to his Lord as ever, and of Consequence was equally high in his Esteem.

However, *Grigg* being too fond of his Machine to be disheartned by the first Attempt, immediately resolved upon a second, which he tried in this manner.

Will had by great Pains and Industry, contrived to have himself appointed a *Vestry Man* ; because *Esquire Trueman*, as the chief Manager of *Lord Lyon's* Affairs, used constantly to attend there, to settle the *Parish Taxes* once a Year. Here *Will* often took great Liberties to *rail*, and watched all Opportunities to give the good *Gentleman* an unmannerly Word, in the Face of the whole *Parish* : But finding at last that he gained no Ground by this kind of Behaviour, he provided half a Dozen

a Dozen * young *Vestry-Men*, whom he had harangued into his Cause, to manage his Engine jointly with himself, according to the new Improvements he had made to it.

As it was at first made, he was forced to appear himself in the working of his *Squirt*; but now he had artfully enough contrived six or seven different *Tubes*, reaching from the *main One*, to be managed by each of those young *Espousers* of his Cause.

Every one of them had Orders to aim at no Body else but the *Steward*, while *Will* was to sit quiet, holding only the *main Tube* in his own Hand, to supply all the rest as Occasion offered.

Accordingly, when the *Squire* rose up, to desire them only to settle a very small *Tax* for somewhat of universal Benefit, both to my *Lord's Estate*, and his *Tenants*, *Will* gave the Signal, set his *Engine* at work, and filled all his *Tubes*, which the

* Some *Antiquaries* in *Grub-Street*, think this alludes to the *Debates* about a *Standing Army*, which to be sure is a wild *Conjecture*.

young *Fellows* took particular Care to direct, some at one Part, some another, but most of them were emptied full in *True-man's Face*. Yet all this time *Will* affected to sit by, quiet and unconcerned, till he had the Mortification to find that even here, neither he, nor all his *young Vestry Men*, could get the least *Dirt* to stick on the *'Squire*, although it was poured out upon him like an Inundation.

At this, *disappointed Will* was almost mad, he rose up in a great Fury, and ran Home, to consider of further Projects, some of which, we intend succinctly to relate in our next Chapter.

C H A P. IX.

Will's violent Antipathy to Watchmen and Constables. His Speech against keeping a Standing Watch in Snarlton: A Dialogue on this Subject. The finishing of this Adventure; and of the first Part of this History.

WHILE *William* was in great Perplexity about the present Situation of his Affairs, one of his young Engineers acquainted him, that it was to be determined in *Vestry* the next Morning, what Number of *Watchmen* were necessary for the Service of *Snarlton*, for the ensuing Year, and what *Tax* was requisite for their Maintenance.

This awakened *Grigg* from his Melancholy; it inspired him with a new Contrivance to perplex the *Steward*, and impatiently he waited for the Morning to finish his Project.

Here, (for the better understanding of this Chapter,) it may be convenient to inform

form the *Reader*, that *Will*, from his Infancy, had taken up a violent Antipathy to *Watchmen*, *Constables*, and such Sort of Officers ; for which singular Temper, many Reasons are assigned by the Curious.

Some imagine that it was occasioned by *Will's* being seized by one of those *Night-Guards*, as he was attempting to rob my *Lord's Orchard* : Others, say, that he was hindred by some of those Fellows, from introducing a *Friend* of his privately into my *Lord's Mansion House*, who was in one Night to kill my *Lord*, hang the *Steward*, take Possession of the *Estate*, kick out my *Lord's Family*, and give the best *Lease*, in the *Mannor* to *Will* for his good Offices. But, as there appear to be Variety of Opinions, it is the *Historian's* Part only to set them down, and let the impartial World judge for itself.

Scarce had the *'Squire* acquainted the *Deputies* of the *Parish* with the Custom, the Convenience, and the Necessity of maintaining a regular *Watch*, but *Will* arose

arose with great seeming Deliberation, and thus harangued the *Assembly*.

Gentlemen, and Fellow-Citizens.

“ I would have you all believe, that
“ there is nothing so dear to Grigg, as
“ the Preservation of your Liberties; and
“ as the present Design of keeping up a
“ Standing Watch in this Town, is the
“ greatest Invasion of those Liberties, I
“ hope you will concur with me in dis-
“ allowing it.

“ In the first Place, consider, how
“ formidable the Power of such a Body
“ of Men may be to the Inhabitants of
“ Snarlton, especially if they be directed
“ by a Constable of an enterprizing Spi-
“ rit. For instance, suppose the Num-
“ ber of People in this Town, be *Ten*
“ *Thousand*; and suppose *twenty* *Watch-*
“ *men* be employed by them for the
“ *Parish* Service: How easy would it be
“ for those *Twenty*, at a proper Hour,
“ to tye the Hands of all the *Town's-folk*,
“ to turn them out of their *Houles*, and
“ set

" set the whole Town in a Blaze ! Espe-
 " cially if it should happen that a *Steward*
 " of *Lord Lyon's*, (not that I would seem
 " to imagine the *present Squire* capable
 " of making an ill Use of this Power;)
 " but I say, that if an *Evil Steward*
 " should be employed, what might he
 " not do in such a Case ? Might he not
 " use the *Constables* to break open your
 " Houses, and then take away your
 " *Leases*; drive you like a Flock of
 " Sheep before him, and ride upon your
 " Necks ? What might not these *twenty*,
 " resolute Fellows perform, if set on, by
 " a wicked and abominable *Steward* ?
 " Why, a Man can neither be drunk,
 " nor reel about the Streets, nor beat my
 " *Lord's Footmen*, nor spit in the *Squire's*
 " Face, nor break my *Lord's Windows*,
 " nor do any inoffensive, merry Pranks,
 " but these *Fellows* will immediately clap
 " him in the *Round House*, under Pre-
 " tence of suffering: no Disturbance
 " in the Neighbourhood. And if this
 " be not *Slavery* —, I know not what
 " *Slavery* is —.

" In

In the next place, consider the great
 Burthen of a *Tax* for their Mainte-
 nance: You will say perhaps, that
 they take Care to watch your Doors,
 when all the Family are asleep, and
 that they may hinder *House-breakers*,
Incendiaries, and other *dishonest* *Fellows*
 from doing you any Injury. But,
 Gentlemen, I beg you to consider, that
 there is not, cannot be the smallest
 Danger of such Attempts, and there-
 fore you should have no Apprehension.
 I say, there is no *Danger*, and I hope
 my Words may pass without being
 doubted.

At this admirable Speech, the whole
 Assembly seemed in the greatest Surprise:
 One smiled at the Oratorial and impor-
 tant Manner of Grigg's Delivery; another
 at the Wildness and Absurdity of
 his Reasoning; and others found suffici-
 ent and various Occasions to turn him
 and his Oration to Ridicule. But all
 were universally amazed at the Variable-
 nesses of Will's Temper, and the Uncer-
 tainty

tainty of his Opinions : Every one made their own Conjectures of his present Aversion, because, although he was said to have a natural Antipathy to *Constables* and *Watchmen*, yet either out of Whim, or a Prospect of some Interest, which is most probable, he was formerly as strenuous for having a regular Watch in *Snarlton*, as he seemed now to be against it.

Will's Uneasiness at these unpromising Symptoms was inconceivable : He fretted, bit his Lips, hung his Head, and looked almost distracted ; till at last, a *Gentleman*, who happened to be of an opposite Way of thinking, began the following Dialogue with *William*.

Gent. " I should think, Mr. *Grigg*, that
 " it cannot look like any Infringement of
 " our *Liberties*, to support a regular Watch
 " in *Snarlton* ; because they contribute
 " to secure our *Property* from the Rapine
 " of Villains ; are ready upon any ex-
 " traordinary Occasion to suppress Tu-
 " mults, or to assist the Inhabitants on
 " any Emergency. Beside, they are not
 " fixed

“ fixed in a *Body* in any one Street, but
 “ dispersed through the whole Town,
 “ in such a manner as to make them
 “ answer the Conveniency of the *Town's*
 “ *folk*, and not be in a Condition, if
 “ they had Inclination, to be guilty of
 “ any Act of Violence, or Injustice
 “ themselves.

Will. “ Sir, I must tell you, that you
 “ mistake the Matter entirely: That they
 “ are not dispersed so far asunder, but
 “ that they may be called together *with*
 “ a *Whistle*; I do not mean literally, with
 “ a *Whistle*, — but, you know Ora-
 “ tors are allowed the Use of Figures, for
 “ the Decoration of their Speech, al-
 “ though such Expressions may not be
 “ literally true. We have heard of an
 “ Army concealed at *Knightsbridge*, which,
 “ no doubt, is a Kind of Prophesy of
 “ what may happen in *Snarlton*. I af-
 “ firm to you, Gentlemen, that the Stew-
 “ ard's Desire to have a Watch main-
 “ tained in this Town, is more out of
 “ Fear, lest his Master's House, or his
 “ own, should be pulled about their Ears,

“ than out of any regard to the Safety of
“ the Parish.

“ *Gent.* “ That seems to me, Sir, a
“ very insolent Assertion. My Lord is
“ too well beloved by his Tenants, to
“ have the least Apprehension of ill Usage
“ from any one of them ; and I believe
“ 'Squire *Trueman* hath as little Cause of
“ Uneasiness as his Master. But, sup-
“ pose the Steward had really a malicious
“ Intention, and could call these Men
“ together in a Moment, of what mighty
“ Service would twenty Men prove, where
“ ten Thousand were to make Opposi-
“ tion against them ?

“ *Will.* “ Sir, I say the 'Squire is a
“ Knave, and therefore he ought not to
“ be trusted.

“ *Gent.* “ Good Mr. *Grigg*, be patient,
“ and spare all personal Reflections : My
“ Lord's *Steward*, we all know, is only
“ careful to preserve Peace and Tranqui-
“ lity in this Town : He would willingly
“ detect *private Villains*, who would stab
“ a Man in the Street, or set his House
“ on Fire out of *Envy*, or *ill Nature*.

“ He

" He strives to manage my Lord's Af-
 " fairs in the most exact manner, and
 " neither suffer his Master to be imposed
 " on, nor give the Tenants any just
 " Cause of Complaint : He requests us
 " only to employ a few Men for our
 " own Security, who cannot possibly be
 " of any Dillservice, and may be of im-
 " mense Benefit to the Town ; and there-
 " fore, where the Profit will apparently
 " be so great, and the Expence so very in-
 " considerable, I think we ought not to
 " have the least Scruple to comply with
 " his Proposal.

Will. " D---n the Steward -- I say -- !
 " D---n the Watch ! D---n the Con-
 " stables -- ! and D---n you all ! if
 " you vote for having any Watch main-
 " tained in *Snarlton* -- . I think my
 " self the best, and most impartial Judge
 " in this Case -- ; and by G--- you
 " shall repent refusing my Advice -- ;
 " and remember *Grigg* swears it -- .

Will sat a while to observe how Mat-
 ters would end, but found all Things turn
 to his Disadvantage : Immediately they de-
 termined

terminated that a *Watch* was necessary, and the more so, from observing the implacable *Temper* of *William*, who, to be sure, must have some private Reasons for persuading the People to leave their Houses without a Guard.

Rage, Envy, Disappointment, and the Contempt of all present, threw Will into a strong Convulsion Fit ; he had indeed, at particular times, for several Years past, been subject to a total Privation of his Sense and Reason, and therefore this Accident seemed not so extraordinary in him as it would in any other Person.

The Assembly broke up, and left *William thoughtless, senseless, and stupid* ; in which Condition he continued a considerable Time : Some ridiculed, and others pitied him ; but the greatest Part of them drew this *Moral* from *Will's* general Character and Conduct ; *That all Attempts to injure others, most commonly create greater Injuries to our selves.*

Thus, (candid Reader,) I have led thee through the first Part of this memorable renowned HISTORY, and I hope not without

without some Entertainment. I doubt not but my *Native-street* will be proud of having one more *eminent Historian* added to the Number of *Moderns*; and that my Labours will be as famous in *Grub-street*, as the Acts and Writings of *William* hath been hitherto. Of whose further curious **EXPLOITS**, we shall give a most exact and impartial Account in the Second Part of this valuable Work.

The End of the First Part.



which I have some Experience I hope

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